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### "A BESTIAL PROCEEDING."

The Congregational clergymen of Brooklyn join with The Evening World in repudiating the Corey wedding's right to a religious blessing. Vice has existed since the beginning. Men have left their wives for other women times without number. Homes have been broken up and children involved in the disgrace. But all this is entirely apart from a clergyman officially participating in the proceedings and justifying the marriage as a "love match."



This clergyman who married Corey (his full name is John L. Clark) shows his lack of shame by commending Corey as a man "who; when he sees things are unhappy at home, is gallant enough to allow his wife to get a divorce without contesting it."

"Gallant" to kick out the wife of his days of poverty and struggle. "Gallant" to try to bribe her children to desert her. "Gallant" to abanton the partner of his early years. "Gallant" is the Rev. Dr. Clark's euphemism for what the Moderator of the Brooklyn Congregational Conference calls "a miserable, unholy and disgustingly bestial proceeding."

When a drunkard is lying in the gutter the sight is a warning to every passer-by. When the patrol wagon dumps its Tenderloin load at the police court it teaches the value of virtue and decency. But when one of the big hotels gives the use of its apartments to a "bestial proceeding," when a clergyman calls flagrant indecency "a love match," it is indeed time that the decent members of the community, clergymen, hotel-keepers and other citizens alike, should protest.

This is not a crusade against immorality, but against the making of immorality respectable.

Home and family ties are too sacred for the public to tolerate the sanctification of their rupture.

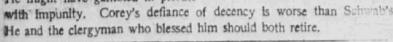


If Corey wanted to marry the woman with whom he had associated In France, why did he not have the ceremony performed there in secret by civil contract? Why come back to New York to flaunt in the face of the American people the use to which he is putting the millions of dollars which his share of the Steel Trust brought him?

It is bad enough that the people should be exploited by trusts and monopolies, that defective armor plate should weaken their navy and cracked steel rails imperil their lives. But the fact that the people of the United States submit to being robbed is not a license to spit at the American home and the American family.

"The disgustingly bestial proceeding" cost Corey more money than the lifetime's wages of a Steel ////// Trust workman. His champagne wedding supper squandered more dollars than a salaried man's year's earnings. His suite on the steamer would pay the year's rent of half a dozen tenement dwellers.

Corey's predecessor as President of the Steel Trust was deposed for gambling publicly at Monte Carlo. He might have gambled in private



## Letters from the People.

A "Giorions Country."

five years or more and hear them grown holding her eye she seemed to forget it about the condition of this country. Her escort, however, didn't seem to see Now, where in all this world is there a any fun in the intident, especially as he more giorious country than America? couldn't see which of us fired the nut.

Why is it, if such klokers disapprove If such people can't be agreeable they country so much, they stay here? should have special cars. So should we. Why don't they go back to their own ountry? People who dislike America are what the President calls "undesir-Readers please discuss

York City? She is often expected to do receive?

B. ROSENTHAL without sleep for twenty-four hours and "The Boy and the Job" Again. is supposed to be anything but human. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish some reader would suggest a In the matter of the "Boy and

Sarentu for One Naisance.

To the Editor of The Evening World: the us. after all, have our rights.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To get married in New York City is it
of peanute as usual when a lady necessary to secure a license? M. B.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Which one of us fired, playfully, the I often come in contact with forsigners who have been here for about got a start, but after she had finished

P. KNUTT-HAUG. An "Interest" Problem.

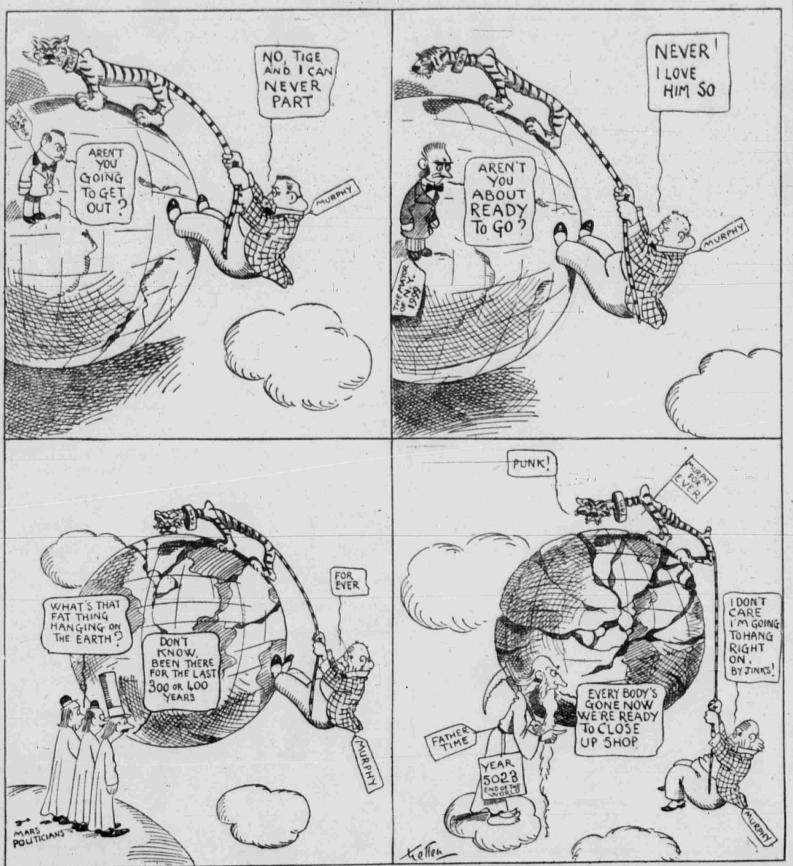
To the Editor of The Evening World: I think many readers will have dim-EDWARD J. WILMONT. culty in solving this problem: A man Trained Nurses' Long Hours. | deposited \$125 in a bank, the interest of which was compounded every year. To the Editor of The Evening World: Which was compounded world which was compounded world which was compounded with the end of five years he drew out his woney and found that it amounted to longer hours and harder work than the money and found that it amounted to trained nurse at the present day in New \$155.77. What rate of interest did he

In the matter of the "Boy and Joh" method of regulating her work hours so problem (the boy who ripped open the as to enable her to get sufficient steep parcel for the employer and the boy who opened it natty, saving paper and string) all replies so far published are in favor of the "first boy" getting the job. The nearly the entire community is employer should choose the careful attating for improved car service, I methodical boy. Later results will probwant to know if a special car for ably show that the "ripping, tearing" peanut eaters" cannot be sandwiched lad will always apply such methods into the regular service. I and my the disadvantage of efficient work, alteriands have the peanut habit, which seems to annoy some of these "select" conduct. The other lad—if needs arise—will usually prove equally "ripping. car floor being littered with roaring and tearing," but never without deteriorates from the pleasures good reason. All in all base your choice on the "why" of the action—not the action—not the action—per se.

PEDAGOGICAL.

## Murphy Forever!

By Maurice Ketten.



#### By Nixola Greeley-Smith. Mothers and Their Sons' Love Affairs.



nortal in particular has turned out to be not worth loving. Generally the would-be suicide's view of life is like a Chiwith all its possibilities of new interests and new loves, looms no larger than the petty worry of the moment. The

suicidal tendency, whether you feel it because you can't get married or because you are, means lack of balance. Girls have more balance than boys. I should say fewer stris than boys of

N eighteen-year-old boy who told the police he had to me the only successful mother is one who knows and understands and sym-N eighteen-year-old boy who told the police be had been disappointed in love jumped into the East River yesterday with the design of ending his life. The water was too cold and he yelled for help and was rescued. So the late spring has saved one forlorn lover from suicide and perhaps preserved him for matrimony, which the Rev. Dr. Aked told me yesterday is the best preventive of self-destruction.

There is something mentally wrong with any boy or girl who at eighteen finds life not worth living because some the only successful mother is one who knows and understands and sympathics with every thought and impulse of her children. Such a relation is rare. It is rarer between mothers and sons than between mothers and daughters. The mothers' supervision of boys ends generally when it is most needed. One of the most touching features of the recent Thaw trial was the revelation that the clder Mrs. Thaw's mother love had drawn from her son the whole self-destruction.

There is something mentally wrong with any boy or girl who at eighteen finds life not worth living because some

There is something mentally wrong with any boy or girl who at eighteen finds life not worth living because some with the property loving. Mothers can give sympathy even where they cannot give approval. And if a boy felt that he could tell his mother even of his disappointment in love, as he he future, bid impulse to suicide that, in the latest case, at least, it took only a little cold

### Bitten by an Oyster.

Girls have more balance than boys. I should say fewer girls than boys of eighteen want to die for love. A girl's feelings are more or less trained from infancy. Mothers throw all the safe-guarding influences of love and wisdom about their daughters. Their sons, though in most instances their beat beloved, are left entirely to their own direction. A mother wrote me the other day asking me to caution women against this neglect of their sons' welfare. It seems being bitten by an oyster.

By C. W. Kahles.

## The Cheerful Primer.





## REALLY, MY GOOD WOMAN DON'T KNOW MRS. PEACOCK See the PROUD PEA-COCK.

# REMEMBER, CHILDREN, PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL. MILLIME

CWKAMES &

'Tis E'en So; Pipe the TUM-BLE

GERTRUDE BARNUM

Organizer of The Woman's Trade Union League Talks to Girls

Meeting Your Fate.

TOU remember the cartoon of the huge girl at a summer resort, promenading with a tiny, bow-legged, bald-headed manikin? "Some girls didn't get any," mother is saying consolingly.

Looking over the sample beaux paraded by their acmintances, many a girl and her "chum" secretly congratulate each other upon their "single bleasedness." While admitting that not to "get any" is a sad fate-they know of fates even sadder. All girls have "chuma" to fall back upon; and when a

working girl says "Rose is my 'friend,' " she is speaking of a very special and exclusive bond. As a little foreigner once put it in speaking of her chum: "I'm hers; he's mine We are other's each's." If Rose and Stella are "other's each's" no test of friendship is too severe, and their romance may prove a rarely beautiful and comforting relationship and last through a lifetime. However, while fully appreciating their chums, few girls fail to "keep an eye out" for beaux. The

great question is where and how to meet them. Any girl is willing to go half way to meet her fate, if she knows the wa; -or half the way. One Saturday evening I saw a group of girls going more than half way. They stood on a street corner and the gang of young fellows who loafed near by were all more or less indifferent, though the girls constantly cast sheep's eyes and personal remarks in their direction. If any "fate" was lurking around that corner

he surely turned and ned in disgust.

No doubt those working girls had taken to the street corner in desperation. Any person of spirit who has toiled like a slave all week rebels at sitting at home on Saturday evening in the "family room" entertaining Aunt Maria and listening to the snores of grandfather. Any one knows, too, that this sittingroom is not likely to be a popular place for callers. An enterprising girl looks for pleasure at the week-ends. If there is "any fun going" she does not propose to lie "asleep at the switch."

Since woman's "noblest mission is wifehood and motherhood." it behooves girls to strive mightily to fulfil their destiny. Enterprise they must show; it is a mmendable quality. But they must not forget intelligence and good tasta These, too, are necessary in deciding what kind of a "fate" to meet, and where

The young man who loafs on the street corner is not certain to be a satisfactory Romeo. The gay Lothario of the cheap boarding-house would probably prove unreliable as a "steady." The fellow-student at night school may be "extimable" but depressing, and the chance acquaintance car conductor or ferryman is likely to put one off at the wrong landing, sadder, if not wiser.

There are good and fruitful "beau fields" to cultivate in the workshop among the young men with whom girls work. There is no better way to know people than to work with them. A rather safe set of beaux to cultivate, too, are the friends of the girl's brother and the brothers of a girl's friends; these are promising in themselves and they know others, so the circle will grow. At trade union meeting are beaux galore! If Rose or Stella wins a good trade union nan she need fear no future. To meet such a "fate" halfway is not easy. He is not loafing on street corners. To cross his path a girl must amount to somehing as a climber. She will have to present a union card to gain entrance to his heart; but it will be "worth the price of admission."

As for places in which to entertain beaux, the "up-and-coming" workinggirl devises various plans. The social club is a never-falling avenue to beauland. The right sort of clubgirls soon attract and share with each other the right kind of beaux, and by means of occasional entertainments or dances they raise funds for attractive meeting-rooms. Necessity suggests many inventions to the person who owns a thinking cap. There is no reason for hanging around street corners, waiting for one's fate. I once knew a group of hall-bedroom girls who got together, rented a flat

and made a charming home. Among the articles of furniture they collected were a plane and a chafing-dish. Though the flat was on the top floor of a tall apartment building, the beaux described it as "within easy walking distance of the street." In the summer they were willing to mount to an improvised roofgarden on the top of the building, where they said there were "no flies." The details of two weddings were arranged on that roof.

In these days there is no excuse for brides who must apologise for the bridegroom. A girl should go forth and meet the right fate in the right way, and no mother should ever have to offer her daughter the scant consolation: "Some girls didn't get any."

### Feminine Frivols. By Margaret Rohe.

Some women are wise, some otherwise.

It is easy to see on the face of things that the greatest skin game is the Beauty Doctor's. Most women who keep a man's presents return his

It takes a sharp tongue to make a blunt speech.

A coat of powder covers a multitude of skins.

A woman is never as hard to understand as she

The minute a brunette steps into a hansom she becomes "fare." Naturally a man who loves a woman little doesn't love her long.

A "feather" brained woman is seldom "down" hearted.

. . . The woman who "twines" herself around a man's heart is often "string-

### Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

### She Has Ceased to Care.

AM a young man, twenty-two years of age, and have been keeping company with a young lady three years my junior, and we love each other dearly. Recently she has acted queer. It has always been my custom when out with her to take her by the arm, owhich there were no objections to which there were no objections whatsoever, and if I did not do so she thought it queer. But now when I do take her by the arm, she says it feels uncomfortable. She never said this before, so long as we have gone together. Also, when I ask her to go out to amusements she always says no, and still she goes out with her lady friend. Shall I take it as a hint that she dows not care for my company any longer?

She has in the past. M. J. E. C. 1 think that is the only explanation of her conduct. Stay away from her for a while and if she cares anything for you she will indicate it.

### He Asks Her to Supper.

AM a young lady seventeen. Two months ago I was introduced to a young man, who has asked me out supper. He treats me with great re-The other night he pointed out his father and asked me if I would like him for a father-in-law. Do you think he loves me?

I think he is "kidding" you, but he may like you just the same. There is no harm in going to supper.

Love at First Sight.

Dear Betty: AM a young man of twenty and am looked upon as a social iton, inas-much as I am very popular with sea girls. I never met any one that I cared to make my wife, till last night, when,

at a social gathering. I met a Young She Has Ceased to Care.

lady of eighteen. I knew right off that she was the one girl for me and during the course of the evening I proposed marriage to her. She it faith a stranger to her.

### A Cry from the City.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf, THE noisy clamor and the vague The throbbing heartbeats in the city's breast,

The splendor, poverty, the gloom and cheer, High lights and shadows blending. sharply here.

Showing at once the wretchedest and best. The wedding reast, the cradle and

I am weary of the picture, and

would rest Beside still waters" where the sun shines clear there on Mother Nature's breast.

With weary, tear-stained face all closely pressed. I would whisper all misgivings, doubt and fear

And would be comforted, for the And lead me towards the infinite-

We've no time for the Infinite nor